

NATIONAL COMICS

10¢

UNCLE SAM

TWO
THOUSAND
SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR
STALWART MEN!
... UNCLE SAM
COMES THROUGH
IN A SMASH
FINISH!



MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN

WONDER
BOY

SALLY
O'NEIL

PEN
MILLER

and
many
others

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



NATIONAL

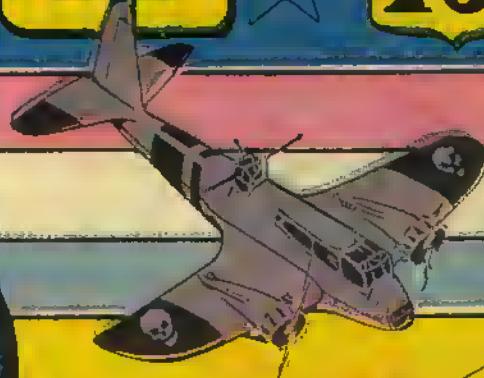
COMICS

SEPTEMBER
No. 3

10¢

Starring
UNCLE SAM

IN AN ACTION
ADVENTURE IN THE
PHILIPPINES



TWO
THOUSAND
SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR
STALWART MEN!
... UNCLE SAM
COMES THROUGH
IN A SMASH
FINISH!



MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN



WONDER
BOY



SALLY
O'NEIL



PEN
MILLER



and
many
others



THIS **BEAUTIFUL** **DESK** FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY
REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) in purchases of a Remington Deluxe Simplicity Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold up hundred (100) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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The Remington Deluxe Hammerless Shotguns is light in weight, easily carried alone. With the other Remington shotgun a shoot for carrying one or the other for the 12 gauge would be good with a special Remington Pouch.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of force manifested after maturation appear in the Newtles. Before Pustules—standard & row bounded by a space. Rows in stage and margin reflexive. Glands single & few, scattered and punctuate, greater, scattered, long spaced, giving finger marks or group scattered, smaller, longer & $\frac{1}{2}$ wide, wider than $\frac{1}{2}$ wide, black grey white and white, bottom, subtilis, unchanged feet.

MONY BACK GUARANTEE

The Permanent Numbered Dealer Certificate Type-order is
sent on a special basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after
one day's trial, you are not and really satisfied, we will take
it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your
money in full amount of cost. You take no risk.

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

A collage of vintage office equipment. It includes a dark green typewriter with a black leather case, a small safe with a combination lock, and a desk lamp with a glass shade. The items are arranged on a light-colored surface.

SEND COUPON  **NOW!**

Kempton Park Inn - Dept. 1924
443 Washington St. - New York, N. Y.

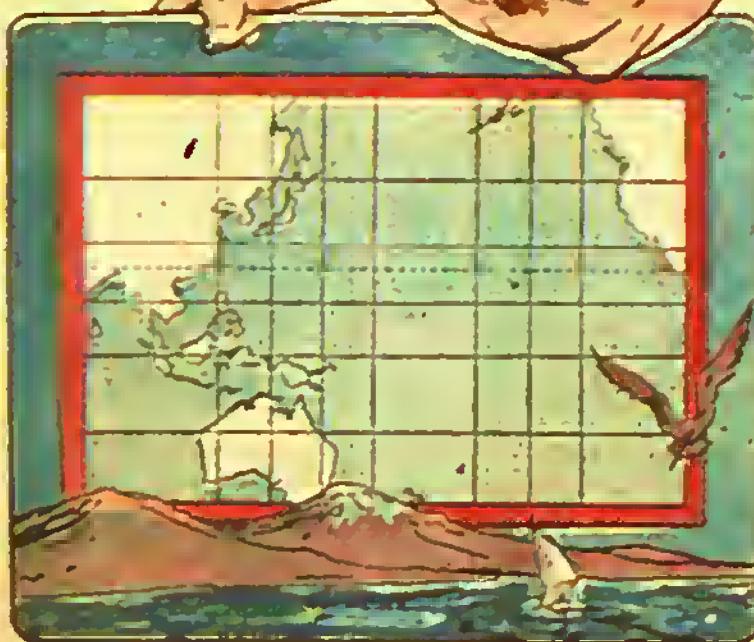
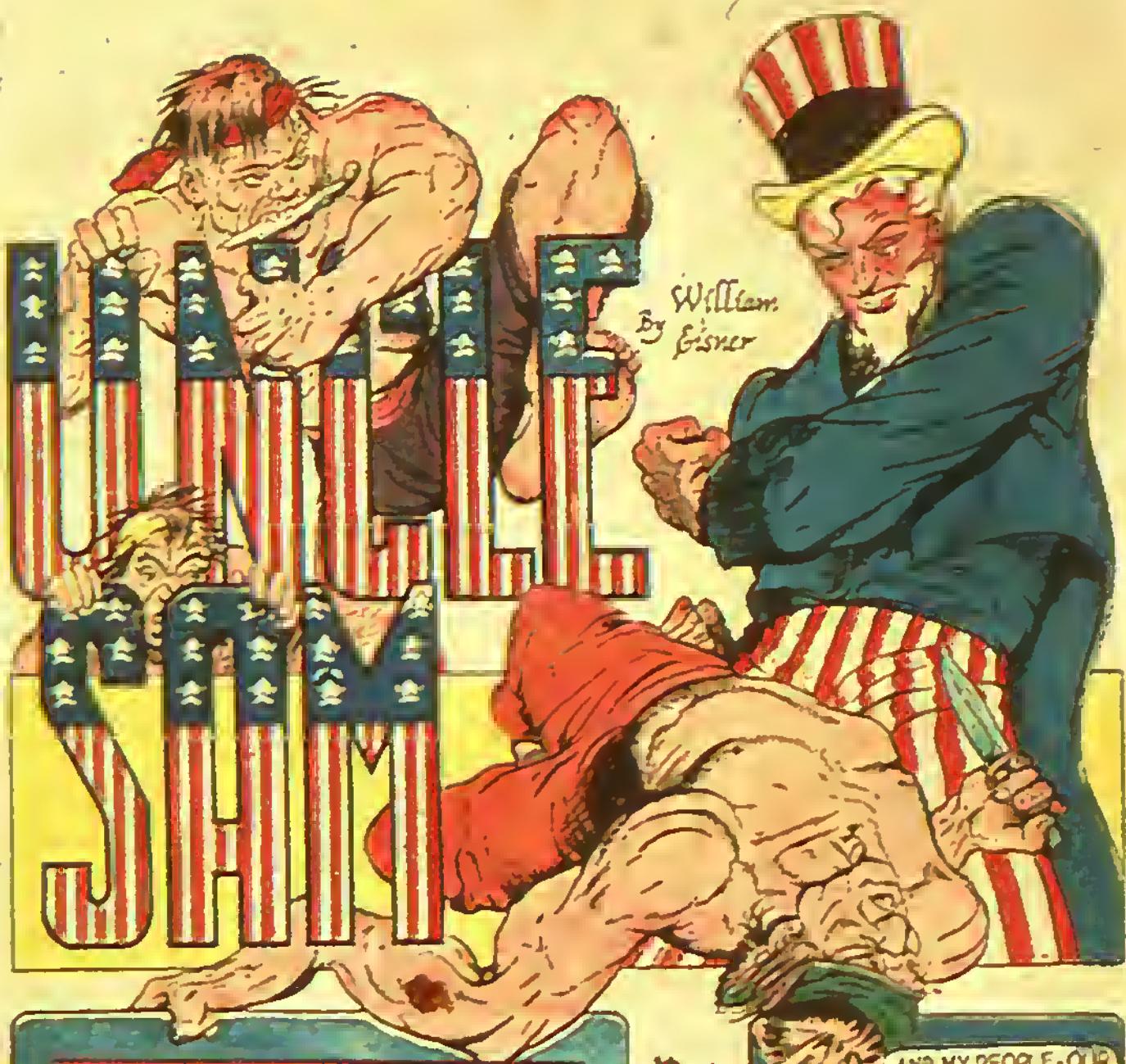
NOW!

Kemington Rand Inc., Dept. 193-4
463 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

3. **What is the relationship between the two main characters?**

A5 *Afternoon, 1970*

CJ..........**Black.....**



IN A
SMALL
ASIATIC
POWER.

IT IS A
DAY OF
HIGH
FESTIVITY.
THE CHANCELLOR IS
ADDRESSING
HIS
PEOPLE.

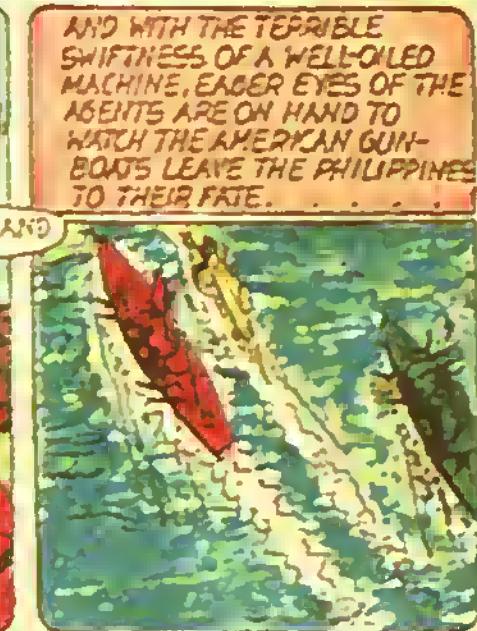
AND MY PEOPLE, OUR
ARMY AND NAVY HAVE
NOW REACHED MIGHTY
PROPORTIONS! WE ARE
READY. I PROMISE YOU
THAT OUR WAITING
LEGIONS SHALL ASTOUND
THE WORLD WITH
THEIR PROWESS!



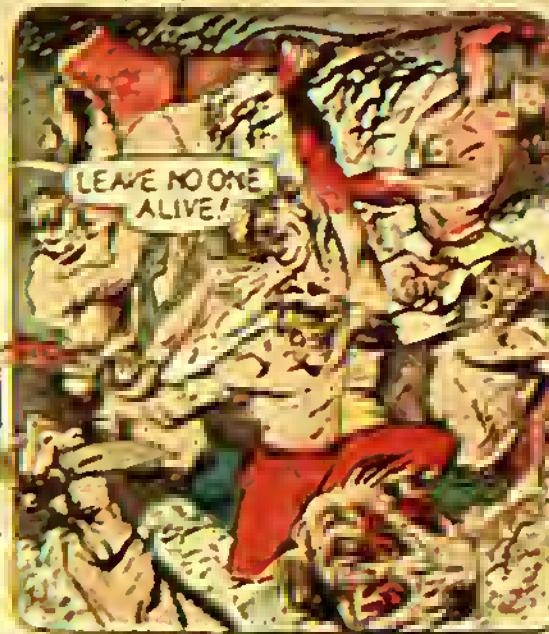
MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN AMERICA, A FAMILIAR FIGURE LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE NOISE ON A SHORT WAVE RADIO.



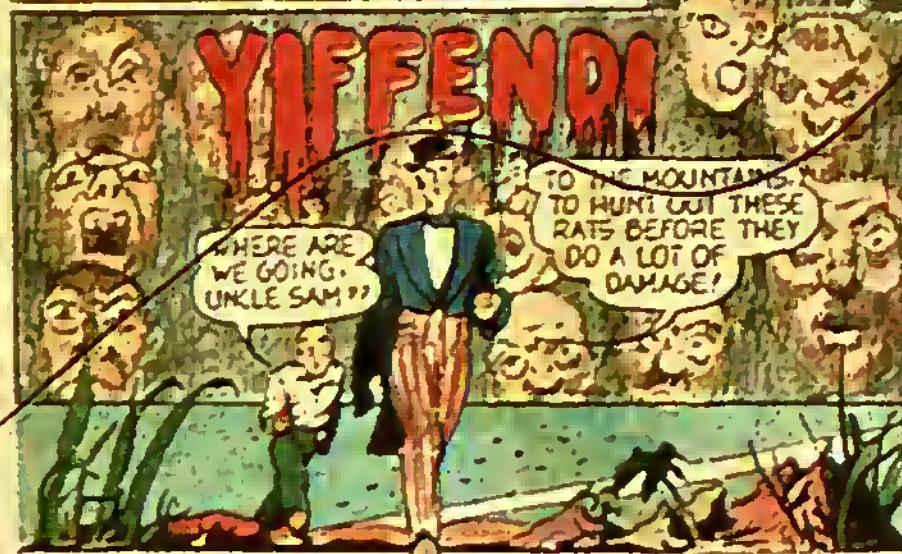
AND BACK IN ASIA:



AND SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, A WELL-ARMED BAND SWOOPS OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS, ON A SMALL TOWN.



AND ACROSS THE ISLANDS, THE WORD SPELLS TERROR. FOR THE FILIPINOS KNOW THAT A FOREIGN INVADER HAS STRUCK.

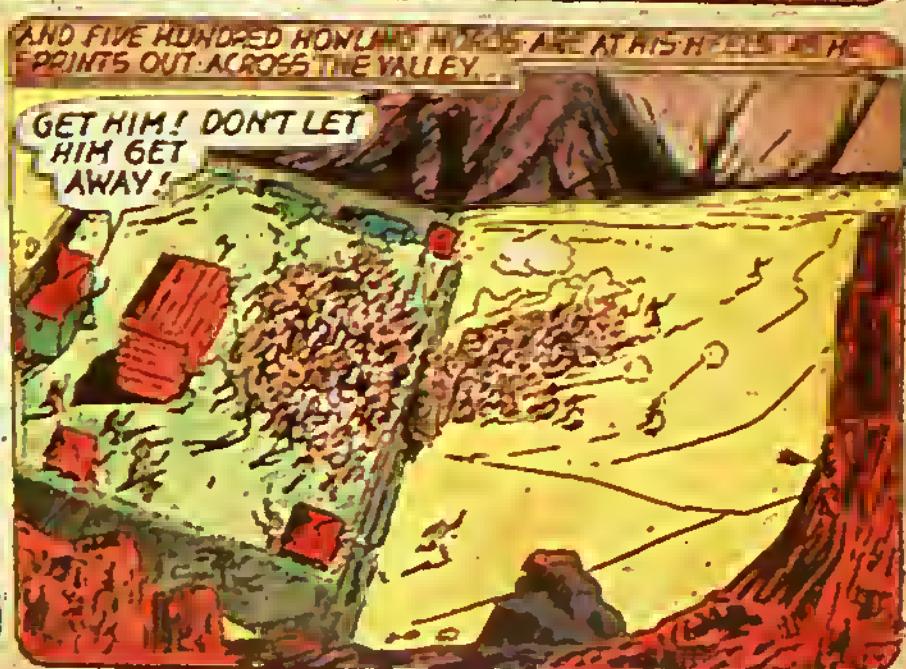


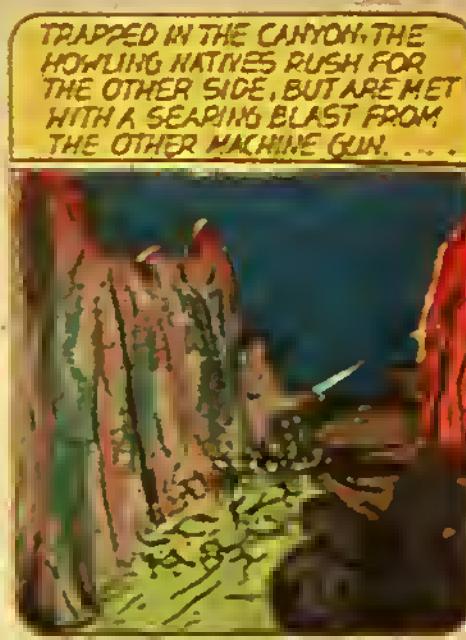
ACROSS THE ROUGH TERRAIN, UP TERRIBLE MOUNTAINS, THEY FOLLOW THE BLOODY TRAIL...





AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...

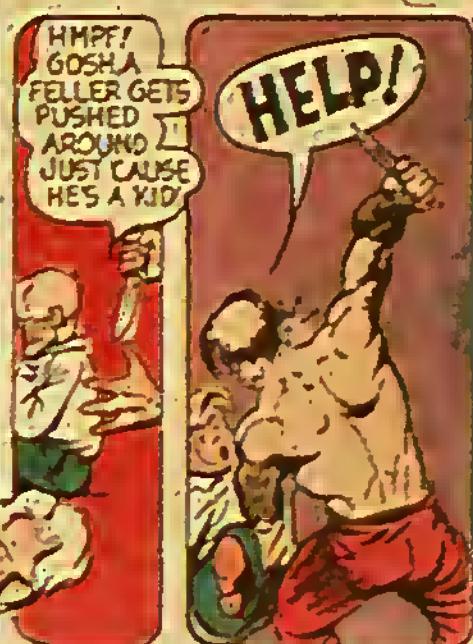
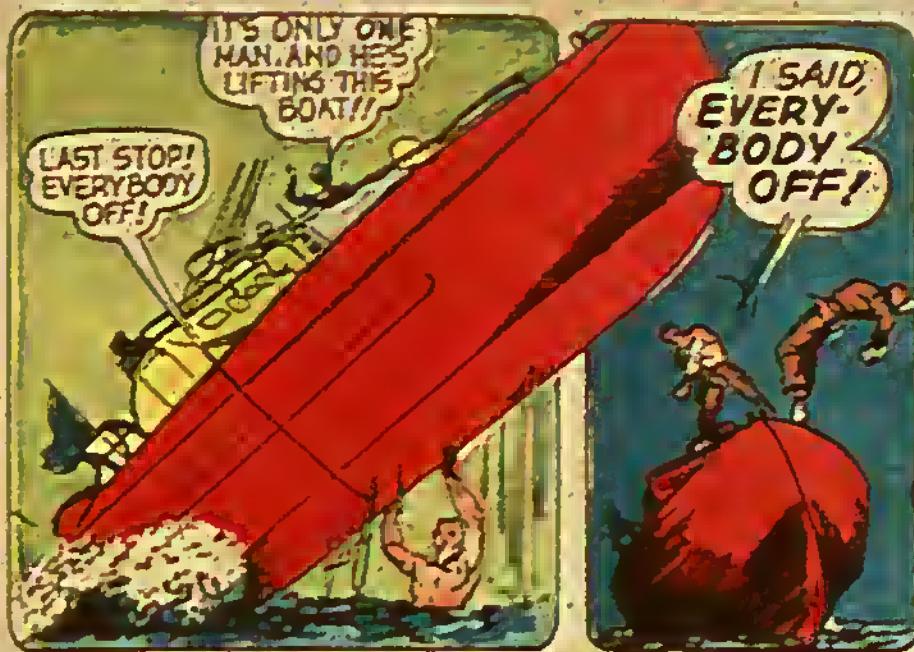




BACK AT THE FORT







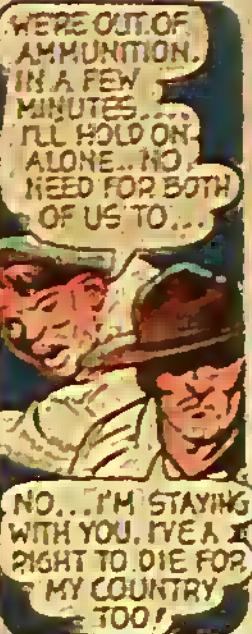


HERE, BUDDY, TAKE THE WHEEL. THE TOUGHEST PART OF THIS SCRAP IS JUST BEGINNING... SO...

YEH! KNOW! KEEP UNDER BOYER!



MEANWHILE
AT THE FORT,
THE TWO
SOLDIERS
HOLD
GRIMLY
ON.



ON THE DECK, UNCLE SAM
RISES TO HIS FEET HOLDING
A MINE.

GOIN' TO BE
MY OWN
MINE LAYER!

HE'S THROWIN'
A MINE AT US!
JUMP!

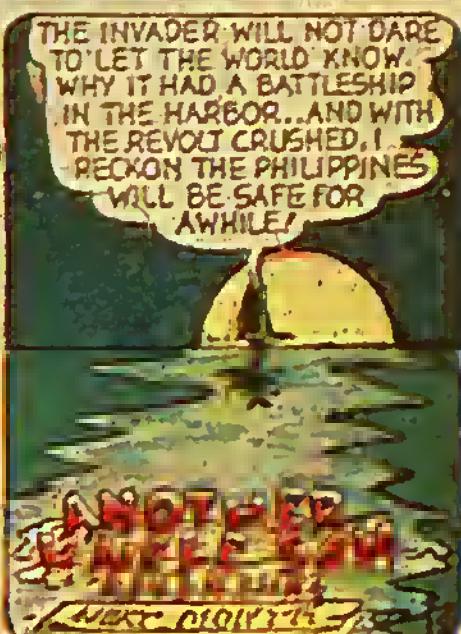
PLUNGED IN
THE BLOOD-RED
RAYS OF THE
SETTING SUN, THE
SHIP SETTLES
RAPIDLY INTO
THE SEA.

THE GATE OF THE FORT
SPLINTERED, AND WITH
A CRY OF VICTORY,
YIFFENDIS MEN SWARM
IN.

BOOM

BLEW THEMSELVES
UP WITH THE FORT AND
YIFFENDIS MEN!
BRAVE
LADS!!

THE INVADER WILL NOT DARE
TO LET THE WORLD KNOW
WHY IT HAD A BATTLESHIP
IN THE HARBOR... AND WITH
THE REVOLT CRUSHED, I
RECKON THE PHILIPPINES
WILL BE SAFE FOR
AWHILE!



PROP POWERS

GAUHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF A WAR BETWEEN RIVAL AIR TRANSPORT COMPANIES, PROP POWERS FINDS HIMSELF AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE STRUGGLE.

BY
Lynn Byrd

ON A LATE AFTERNOON, A SLEEK PLANE DRONES TOWARD ONSHORE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON.



CIRCLING OVER THE FIELD, IT PREPARES TO LAND.



ONCE ON THE RUNWAY, THE PILOT GIVES UP THE GUITT AND ROLLS AT POCKET SPEED FOR THE AIRPORT CONTROL BUILDING.



UNSWERVING, IT NEARS THE BUILDING.



AND CRASHES HEADLONG INTO THE WALL, SCATTERING BRICKS, GLASS, AND WRECKAGE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



...IN THE MIDST OF THIS TURMOIL, THE PILOT CRAWLS OUT OF THE GLAZING FRAMEWORK.



AND CRASHES TO A WAITING CAR BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HIM.



"COME ON, NOW, TRAVEL!"

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

SECONDS LATER, THE CAR HURRIES DOWN THE ROAD.



"NICE WORRY, PETE!"

SOLE SPECTATORS GAVE AN ASTONISHMENT.



"SLIMET! DID I SEE THAT?"

"YES, AND THAT WAS 'PROP' POWER'S PLANE!"

AFTER AN HOUR'S DRIVE, THE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE A FASHIONABLE OLD COTTAGE.



IN A BACK ROOM, "PROP" POWERS IS A PRISONER. HE HEARS THE MEN ENTER.



WICHING HIS WAY TO THE DOOR, PROP LISTENS.

IT COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT ANY BETTER. BOSS, THE BUILDINGS WAS A TOTAL WRECK!



WHAT'S OUR NEXT JOB? THE PRESIDENT OF PROP'S TRANSPORT COMPANY IS FLYING TO AMERICA.



HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT OUR PILOT'S GONNA CRASH HIM INTO THE CONTROL BUILDING OVER THERE. JUST LIKE IT HAPPENED HERE. THEY LEAVE IN A HALF HOUR.



DESPERATELY, PROP WRIGGLES HIS BOUND HANDS AND FEET. FINALLY THE ROPES LOOSEN.



HE LEAPS TO THE WINDOW.



BUT A GUARD CLOCKS HIM.



I WAS JUST LEAVING. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME?

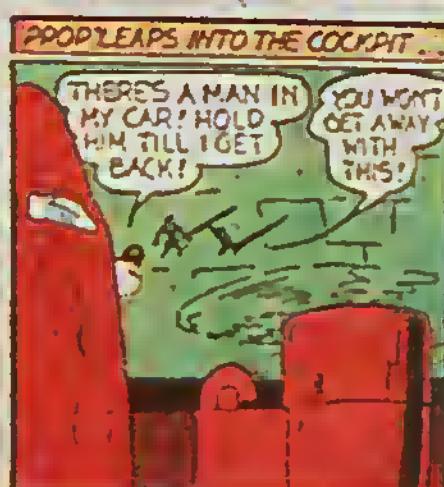


QUICKLY, PROP DRAGS THE INSENSIBLE MAN TO THE CAR.



WITH HIS UNCONSCIOUS PASSENGER, PROP SETS OUT.





MEANWHILE, PRESIDENT WALLACE FUES HIGH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...



IN THE PLANE'S FREIGHT ROOM, HE MAKES A STAPTLINS DISCOVERY...



SO...THIS IS HOW THE AIRPORT BUILDINGS BLEW UP! THEY CRASHED DELIBERATELY, AND LET THE FREIGHT DO THE REST...



THE PILOT GLARES AT WALLACE...



IF ONLY I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING TO DO!



SUDDENLY, THE PILOT PERCEIVES PROP-TRAILING HIM...



PROP'S PLANE ROARS OVER THE SMALLER SHIP...



AND HE THINKS ALOUD...



BY THIS TIME, PROP IS A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE AHEAD OF THEM...



AND SOON ARRIVES AT A NEW YORK AIRPORT...

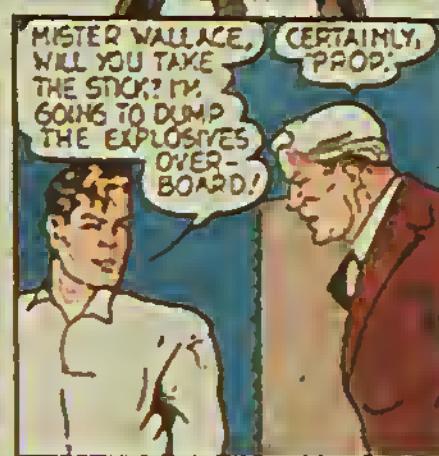


WHERE HE SHUTTLES BACK AND FORTH OVER THE FIELD...



IS THAT GUY WACKY?





SALLY O'NEIL

Policewoman.

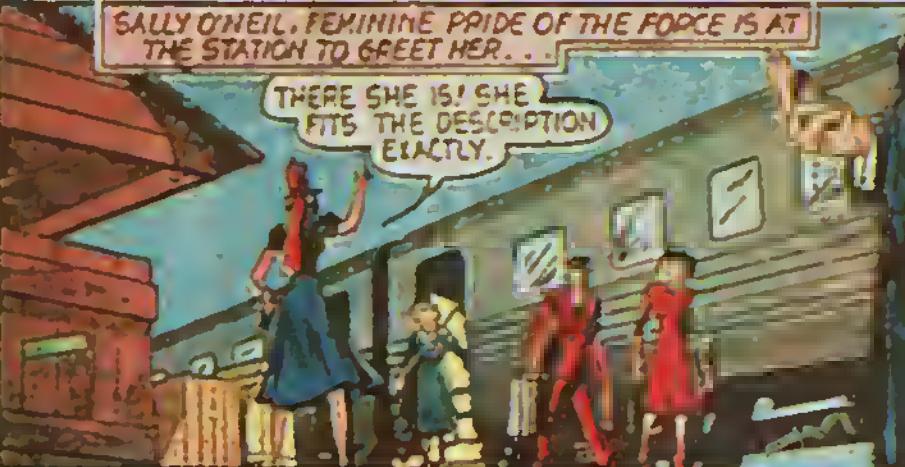
By
FRANK
KEARN

THE HEALTHY MRS EYSTONE, RETURNING FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, WIRES AHEAD TO THE NEW YORK POLICE. SHE BRINGS A PRICELESS GEM WITH HER, AND SHE DESIRES PROTECTION.

SALLY O'NEIL, FEMININE PRIDE OF THE FORCE IS AT THE STATION TO GREET HER...

THERE SHE IS! SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY.

SALLY O'NEIL. "POLICE? OH, OH! YES, OF COURSE! COME ALONG, MY DEAR."



JUST AS THEY ENTER A CAB, A BREATHLESS YOUNG MAN CASHES UP...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I'M JACK... JACK SMITH— YOUR NEPHEW.

JACK? IT'S BEEN SO LONG.



AFTER GENERAL INTRODUCTIONS, MRS. BIGSTONE, SALLY, AND JACK REACH THE MOTEL.

JUST MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

THAT NEPHEW SOUNDS PHONY.

WONDER WHO THE DAISY.



MRS. BIGSTONE MEANS SELL
VELVET CO. EDGED JEWEL CASE

SAFE SHE DEPOSITS A

THEN SHE GOES TO THE TELE-
PHONE IN ANOTHER ROOM . . .



SALLY NOTICES JACK ENTER THE
SAFE ROOM . . .



PUT THAT JEWEL BACK
IN THE SAFE,
MR. SMITH!



I WAS HIRED
BY MRS.
BIGSTONE
TO PROTECT
HER AND
SHE NEEDED
IT!

YOU WERE
HIRED? OH.
HA! HA! HA!
THIS IS GOOD!
GIVE ME
THAT PHONE!



JUST THEN . . .

PUT DOWN THAT PHONE,
AND DROP THAT
GUN! REACH!







SALLY AND GIL FOLLOW ANOTHER MAN INTO THE HOUSE



SUDDENLY THE GUNMAN WHIRLS, BUT SALLY IS ON HER GUARD.



INSIDE, THE GANG HEARS THE SHOT.



THEY PUSH INTO THE HALL AND OPEN FIRE.



BUT PRIVATE DETECTIVE GIL PROVES THAT HIS FISTS ARE USEFUL FOR OTHER PURPOSES THAN MERELY WEARING GLOVES.

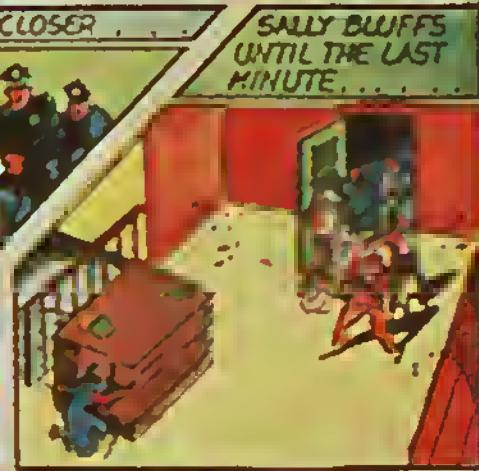


BUT FOUL FIGHTING IS TOO MUCH FOR GI



AND SALLY IS LEFT TO SHOOT IT OUT ALONE.





DO YOU REMEMBER SALLY'S
MOVIE HERO? WELL, HE'S STILL
ALIVE AND KICKIN'. SEE THEM BOTH



HERCULES



NEON

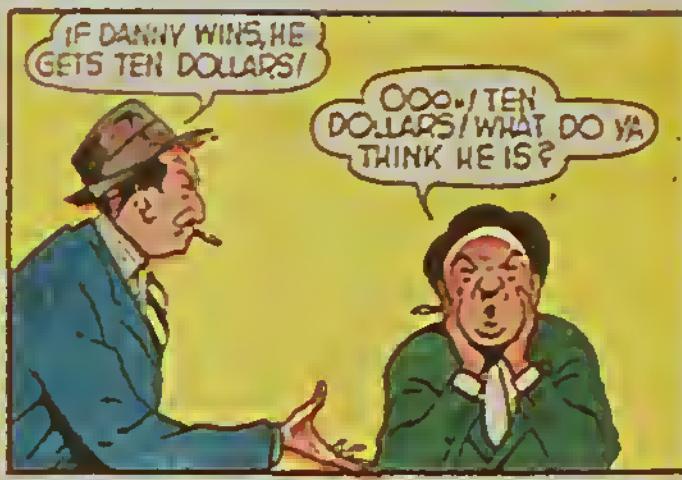


RED DEE



ART

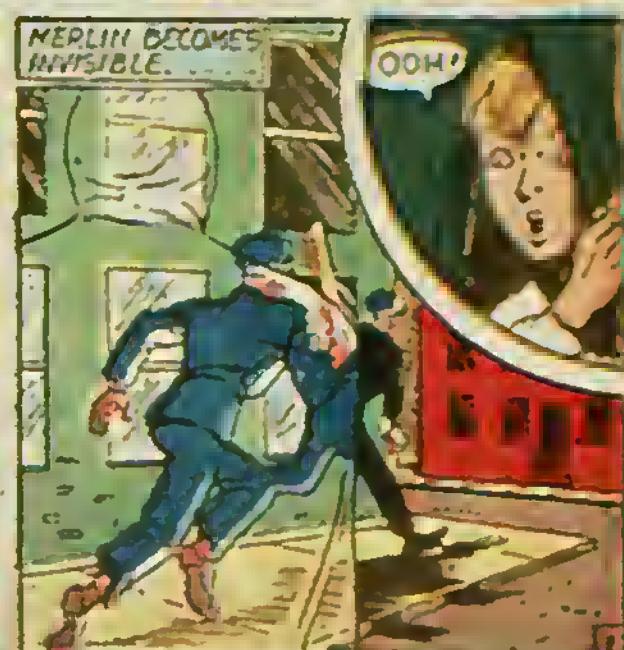
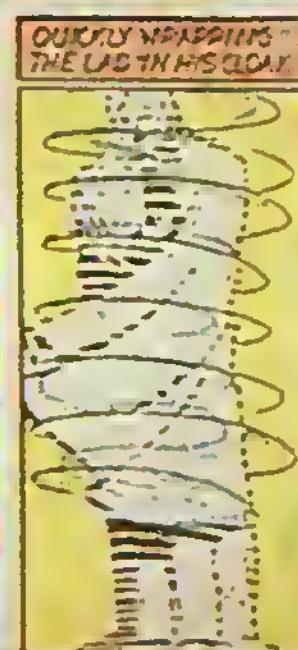


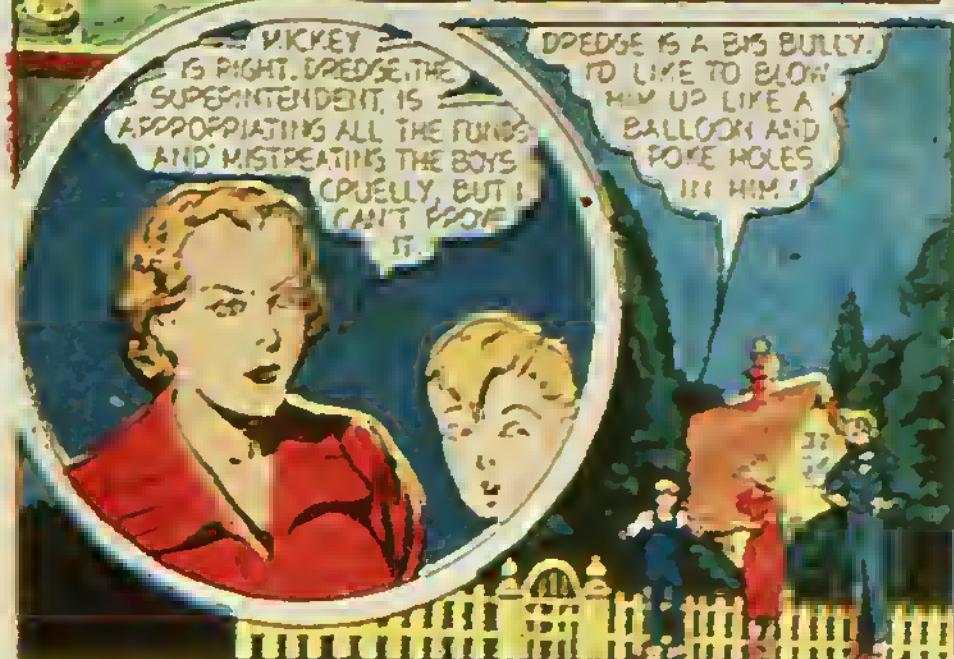




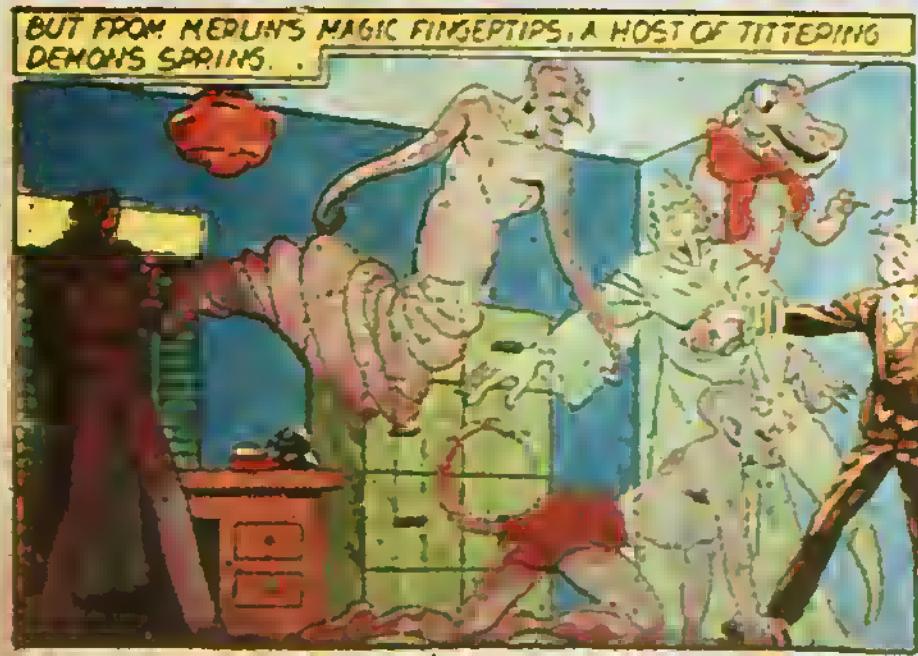
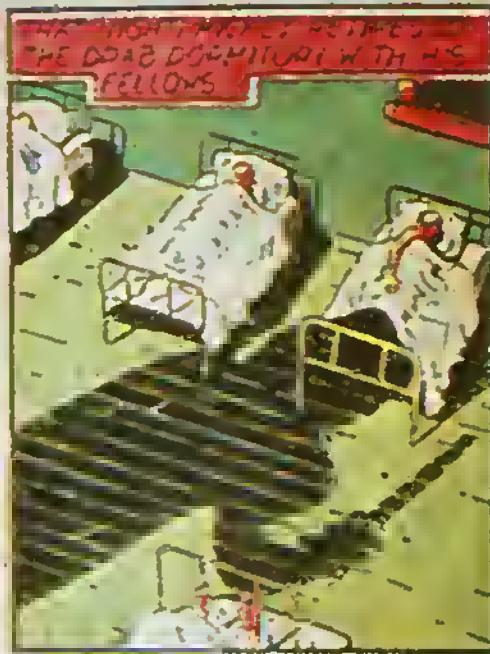






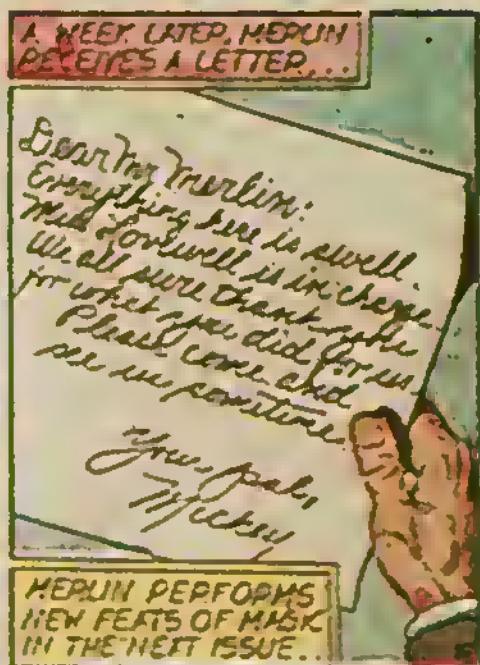












THE HUMAN GUINEA PIG.

The Yankee Doodle Boy Ails Mankind

By ANTHONY LAMB

"LEAPIN' lobbysts! Aren't you scared, Jimmy?"

The Yankee Doodle Boy had inherited a tradition of honesty from the founders of his country. He glanced sheepishly around at the group of Senate page boys gathered about him.

"Yup—I gotta admit I've got sort of pins and needles in my stomach—but I have to go through with it. I know that."

Jimmy's determination to offer himself as a human guinea pig for the famous Dr. Richter's experiment had sprung from a visit he had made to the Lincoln Memorial. He had heard Senator Norris speak on the doctor's need for a healthy youngster to inject with a deadly germ that was causing so much misery and death among the children of America, and for which no cure had yet been found. Dr. Richter had perfected an anti-toxin—but he needed a healthy specimen to perform his experiment upon. Jimmy hadn't said anything then, but the idea bothered him for days and at last he decided to go up and "talk to Mr. Lincoln."

Everything that happened there that night was as real to Jimmy as the Capitol dome, even though the guard did have to wake him up at twelve o'clock and send him home.

Lincoln's deep brows threw dark shadows on his fine, high cheekbones and the heavy lines that sorrow had drawn on his face framed the great kindness of his mouth. The Yankee Doodle Boy stood before the statue and asked his question.

"Mr. Lincoln, if I let them experiment on me, I may die. But somebody has to do it; should I, Mr. Lincoln? Should I go and see Dr. Richter tomorrow?"

Mr. Lincoln took a while to think it over. Then his answer came. Out of the past, the rich, human voice of the great liberator answered the Yankee Doodle page boy.

"Son, the words of the good book were once quoted to me by a woman in the wilderness—a woman whose wisdom and kindness and who loved me as her own son—my step-mother. These words guided me through my life and if you're worn of the



tight stuff, you'll heed them. She said, 'He who does the Lord's work, abideth forever.' If you think there is work to be done, Jimmy, lives to be saved, a sacrifice to make, then remember those words and you will not go wrong."

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Now I know what to do."

Several days later, Jimmy lay on his back on a hospital bed. Dr. Richter and a freshly starched nurse stood by his side.

"The letter of consent has just come from your parents, Jimmy. They must be very brave and fine people, and I am proud that they have such confidence in me. So—now we shall proceed."

A hypodermic needle was poised above the boy's arm

tanned arm. A clear liquid glinted in the glass tube.

"So that's the stuff that's been killing so many kids, doc? It doesn't look so vicious to me," laughed Jimmy, and then he winced as the sharp point jabbed into his flesh.

"Hmmm, but that innocent looking serum is as deadly as a .45 shot. But don't let me alarm you," the doctor chuckled as Jimmy's eyes grew wide. "Nurse Deering has this bottle of my anti-toxin to administer as soon as the fever strikes. It will be locked securely in this wall cabinet—because it is very precious stuff. Only I know the formula."

Jimmy was left alone to contract his fever, but he heard a bit of the nurse's conversation as they walked into the hall.

"Oh, Doctor, I forgot to tell you. Dr. Finch was here this afternoon, but he didn't seem to want to see you—I asked him."

"Finch, eh?" Dr. Richter's voice was low and angry. "What does he want to do to me now? If he dares to interfere with this experiment—"

Jimmy didn't hear the rest. The serum took quick effect. He had fallen asleep.

When Jimmy awoke there were two figures hovering above him, but they were not those of Nurse Deering and Dr. Richter. Two strange men were bending over him and speaking in hushed, secretive voices that made the Yankee Doodle Boy keep his eyes shut tight and listen.

The flush of fever had already crept across his face and the voices he heard seemed to come down to him from the end of a long speaking tube.

"The fever's breaking now, all right, Dr. Finch."

NATIONAL COMICS

"Yes. You say the anti-toxin is locked in that cabinet—open it!"

"That's what I heard Richter tell the kid when I was hiding in the closet."

Jimmy heard the scraping of metal as the lock of the wall cabinet was slowly forced open.

Through half open lids, he watched the dim outline of Dr. Finch's taut face. A small pencil searchlight threw long, eerie shadows across his head and shoulders.

"Richter, the Brilliant, is merely a tool in my hands. I have let him slave for years to perfect his formula. Now that his hour of triumph is at hand—he shall fail. The boy will die. He will be ostracized from medical circles, and I, Finch, will come forth with the real cure!" He turned triumphantly to the other man. "Hurry! Have you substituted my useless liquid for the anti-toxin?"

"Yes, it's all done. Let's get out of here."

"Right!"

When the door closed behind them, Jimmy sat bolt upright, but the fever sent him down again with the force of a giant hand—flat against the pillow. He waited while the world spun around and the lights went on and off.

"I've got to get them. I've got to."

Over and over he repeated the words and strength seemed to ebb slowly into his muscles and bones. Slowly, he rose and staggered to his feet. Groping blindly through the blackness he reached the door and stared dizzily into the light of the hall.

"I've got to make it. I've got to make it!"

Like a drunken sailor, the Yankee Doodle Boy lurches down the long hall. Very dimly, in the distance, he perceived two shadowy figures that seemed to change in size and shape, spreading and contracting in all directions at once. Beads of perspiration rolled down Jimmy's scarlet face.

Suddenly a figure in white loomed up before him. He heard a sharp cry and felt a pressure of firm hands on his shoulders pushing him back.

"No—no, let me go!" he gasped weakly. "I've got to get them!"

With a supreme effort, Jimmy freed himself of the nurse's grasp and continued what seemed like an endless journey down the hall. The figures were fast disappearing—soon they would descend the stairs. Jimmy knew he couldn't make those.

"Faster, faster, legs! They won't move—they're going backward—faster, faster—" he commanded. His legs were molded of granite.

But actually he was running, the nurse frantically chasing after him. With a shock, he realized that he was upon his quarry. He reached out and grabbed the sleeve of Dr. Finch, dragging the man to the floor with him as he fell.

Now the voices came from many miles away, but they were clear as bells.

The nurse spoke. "The child is delirious. I'll call Nurse Deering and put him back in bed."

Finch's tone was concerned. "Terrible thing—I hope it doesn't effect Richter's experiment." He tried to rise, but Jimmy's hand was clutched obstinately around

his wrist. By now several internees and Nurse Deering had gathered around.

They tried to free his grasp and lift him up, but before they succeeded, Jimmy mustered all his strength and whispered hoarsely, "F—Finch—stole the anti-toxin!"

And after that everything was merrily black. The Yankee Doodle Boy slipped peacefully into unconsciousness.

Hours ticked by and the days dragged endlessly. A tense quiet fell over the Senate as the members and the little page boys exchanged questioning, worried glances.

"Still no news?"

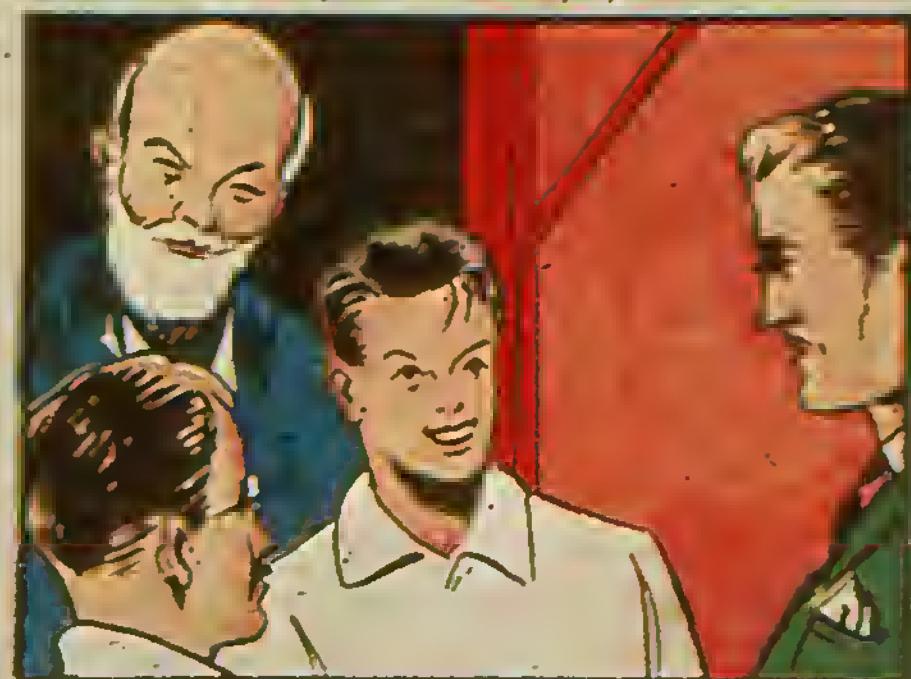
"Not out of the coma yet."

"Have you talked to Dr. Richter?"

One day, during a heated debate on farm appropriations, page boy Corny Dobbs rushed into the chamber and interrupted a dignified Senator with a wild whoop.

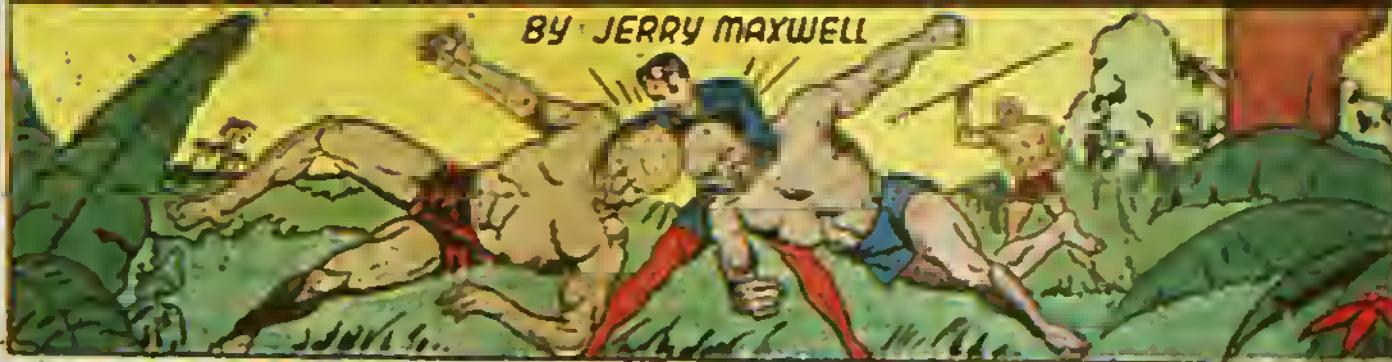
"He's better! The crisis is passed! He's going to get well—boy, oh boy, he's a national hero! There cheers for Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy."

And the voices of boys and men alike rose to the roof and echoed through the country and the name of the Yankee Doodle Boy went home to the hearts of the people.



WONDER BOY

BY JERRY MAXWELL



AS WONDER BOY SAUNTERS UP A STREET, HE SEES A NEWSBOY CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK.



ER-EXCUSE ME, FELLER. WHY ARE YOU CRYING? CAN I HELP YOU?

MY FATHER WAS OUT OF WORK FOR A YEAR, BUT LAST WEEK HE GOT A JOB. HE LEFT WITH AN EXPEDITION FOR SOUTH AMERICA!



YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT YOUR FATHER IS WORKING!

MY MOTHER AND I WERE HAPPY UNTIL TODAY WHEN WE HEARD THE EXPEDITION MY FATHER WAS LOST!



DON'T WORRY! I LEARNED THAT A BOAT IS LEAVING TODAY TO SEARCH FOR THE LOST MEN. I'LL FIND YOUR FATHER.



YOU'LL FIND MY FATHER, HOW CAN YOU? YOU'RE ONLY A BOY LIKE ME!

WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO HAVE FAITH IN ME, MY FRIEND.



SAY... YOU'RE NOT WONDER BOY, ARE YOU?

I MUST HURRY OR I'LL MISS MY BOAT! GOODBYE!





BUT FAIR WEATHER VANISHES THAT
MORN, AND A VIOLENT GALE ROCKS
THE SHIP FROM STEM TO STEM.



WITH THE CHAIN WRAPPED SECURELY
ABOUT HIM, WONDER BOY DYES
OVERBOARD INTO ANGRY WATERS.

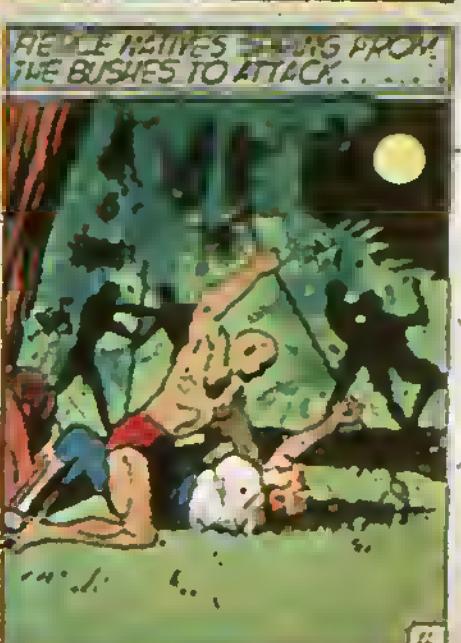


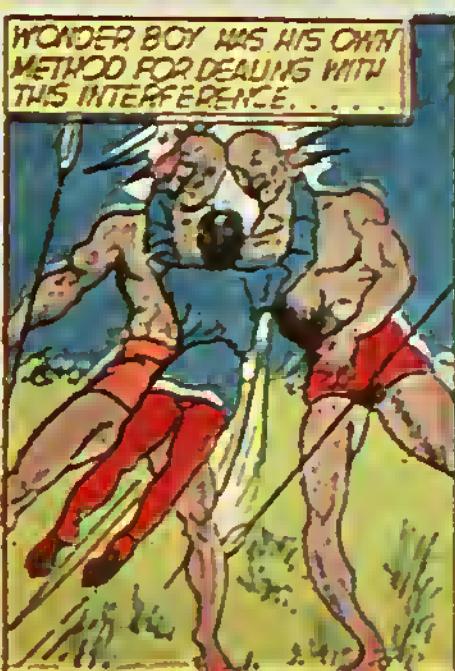
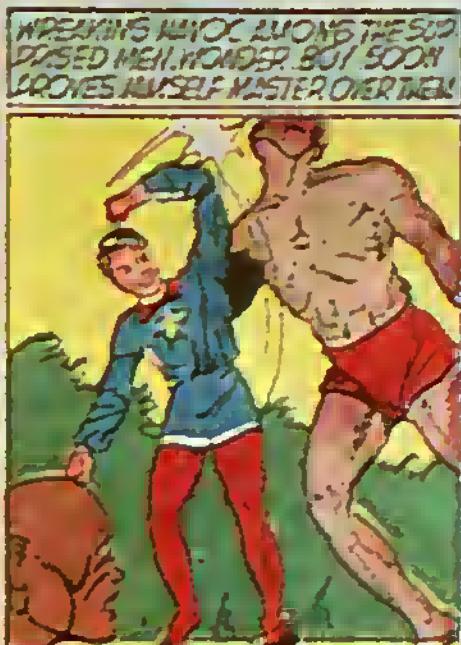
WITH AMAZING POWER, HE TUGS
THE SHIP THROUGH THE STORM-
TOSSED SEA...

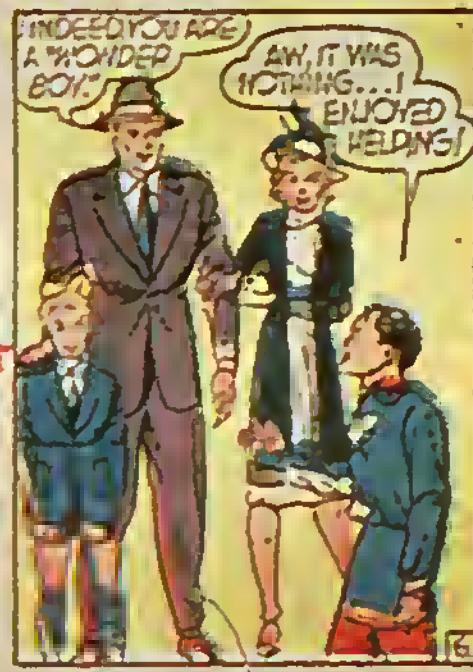
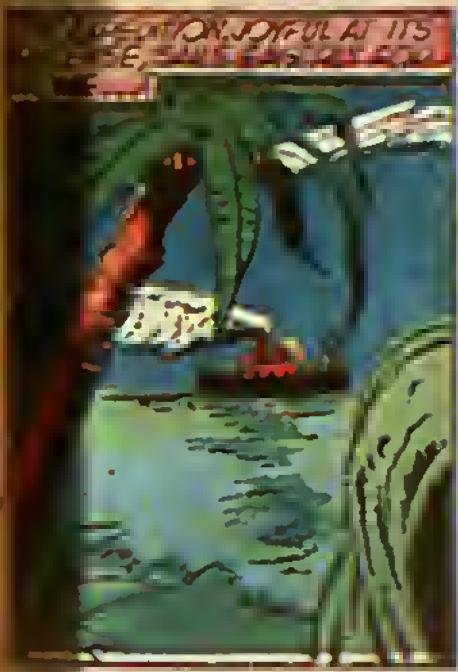
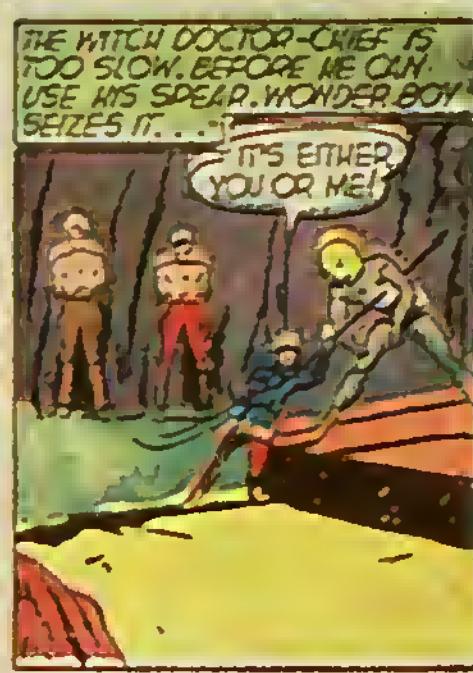


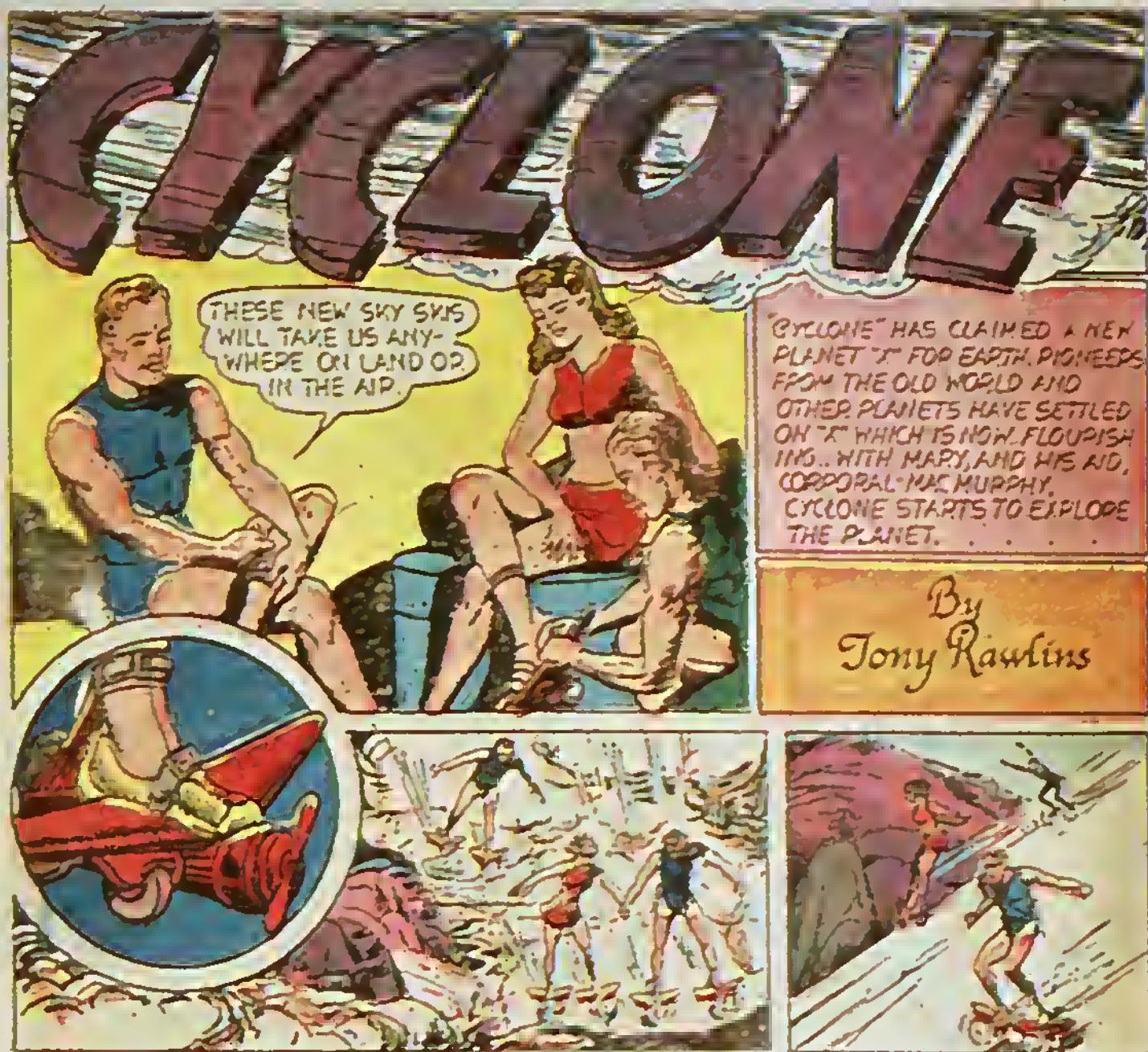
THE CREW GLIDES BY IN THE ET
WONDER BOY'S GREAT FEAT!





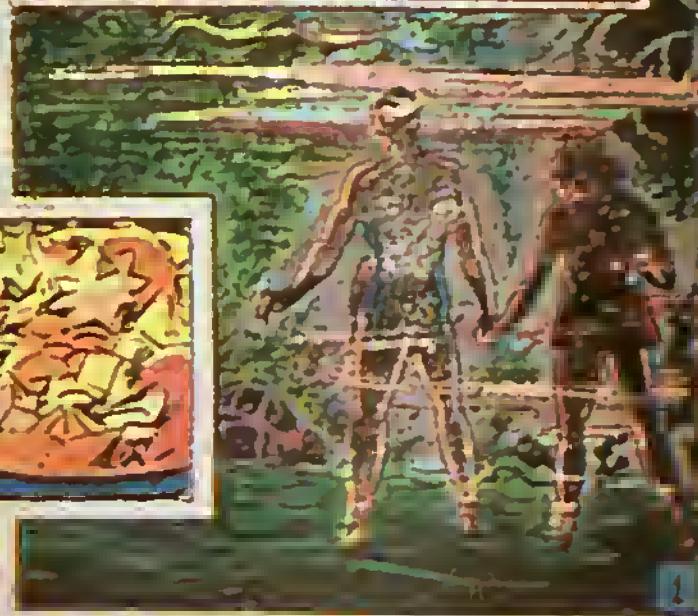
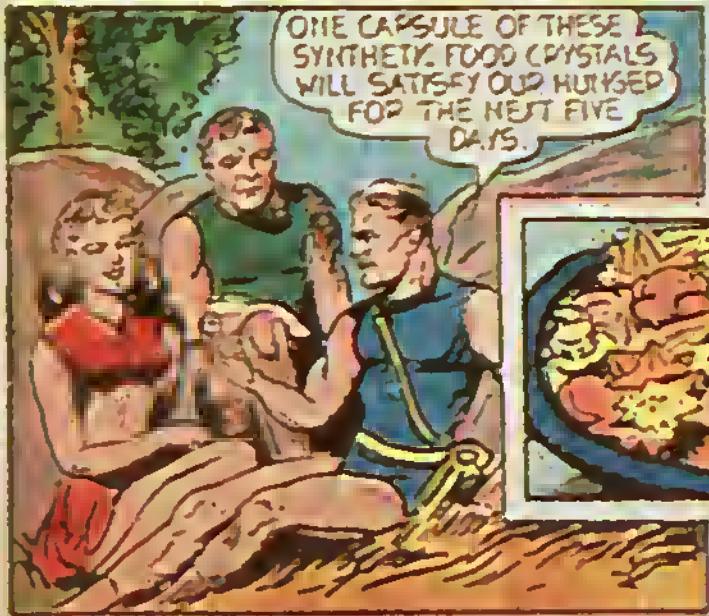






THE EXPLORERS PAUSE FOR FOOD AND REST

CYCLONE AND HARRY READ THE WAY INTO A CAR AND FOR BIGGINS MARSHLAND.



CYCLONE
LOOK AT
THAT
ORCHID.

AS MARY GRAPPS THE ORCHID, THE HOLE ON
WHICH SHE STANDS BEGINS TO ENLARGE . . .

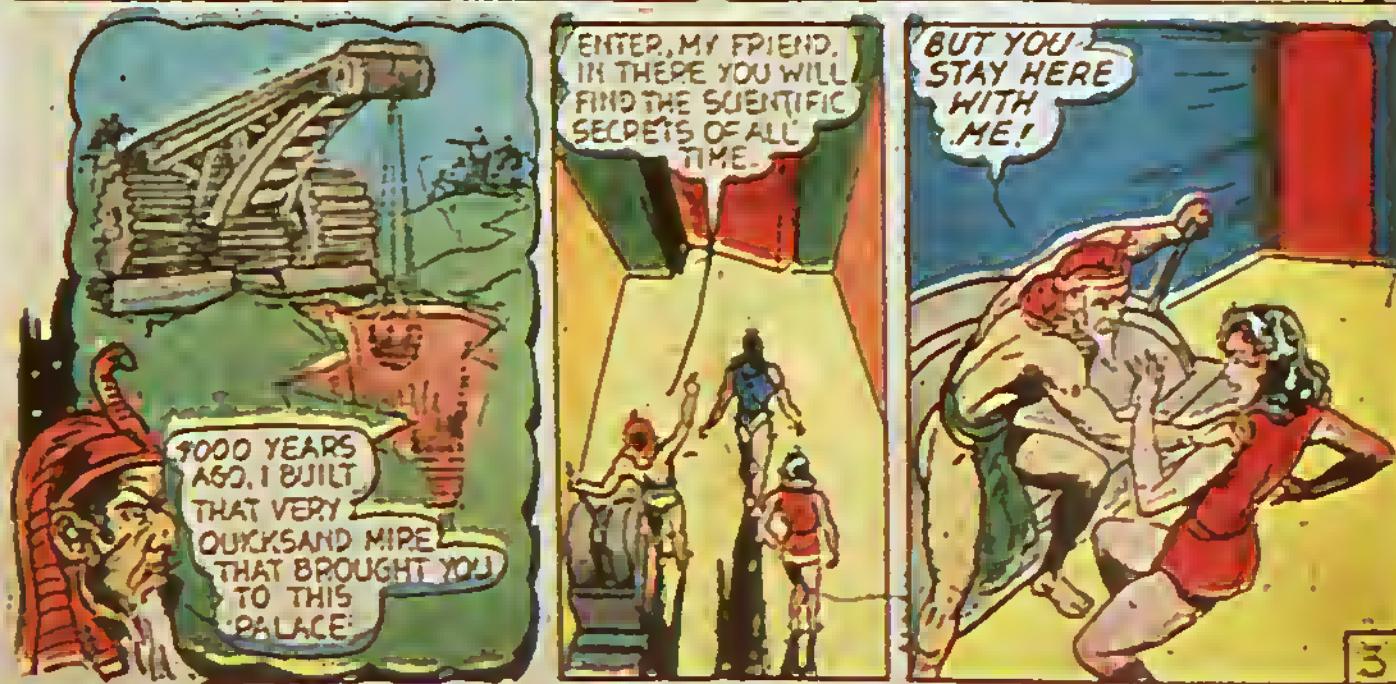
CAREFUL MARY,
THIS PLACE IS
DANGEROUS!

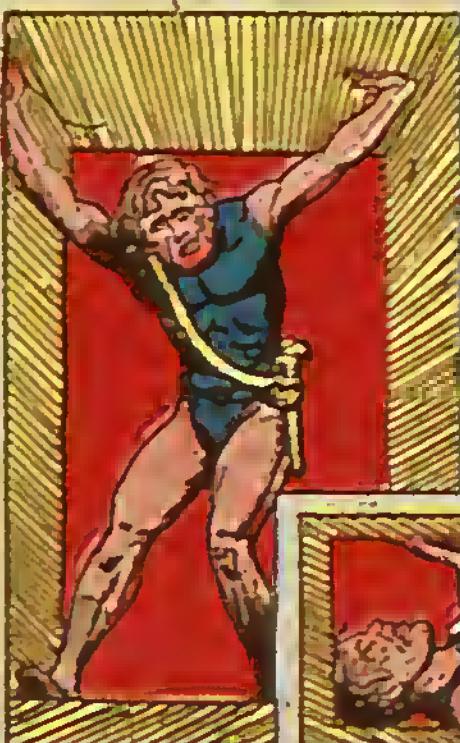
STAND STILL!
DON'T
STRUGGLE!

MURPHY,
GET BACK TO
TOWN AND
BRING
HELP! WE'RE
SINKING!

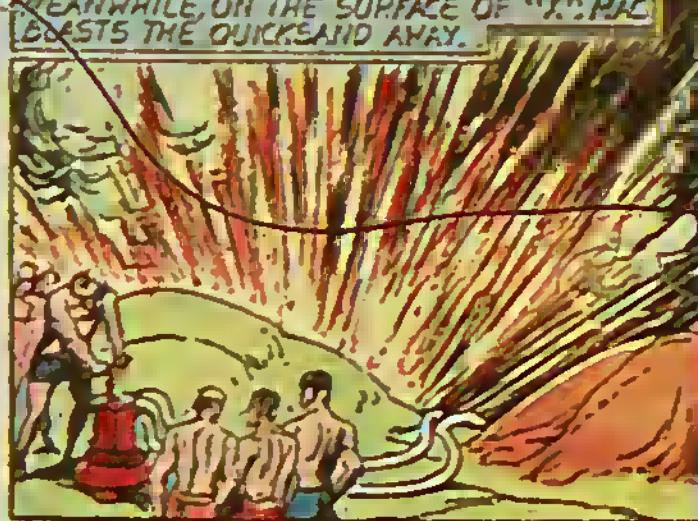


THE PALACE IS FULL OF RELICS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION...





MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE OF "X" MAC EXISTS THE QUICKSAND AWAY.



THROUGH THE TUNNEL INTO THE SUICIDE MAC LEADS HIS RESCUE PARTY...



SHOOT HIM DOWN, MEN!



WAIT! ONLY HE CAN FREE CYCLONES.



AMNOZO GESTURES AND CYCLONE'S CELL BURSTS OPEN...

BUT AMNOZO HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE...



DASHING THROUGH THE BLAZE, CYCLONE TURNS OFF THE FLAME.



DASHING THROUGH THE BLAZE, CYCLONE TURNS OFF THE FLAME.



LATER, IN THE ANCIENT LIBRARY,

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SCIENTIFIC DATA HERE TO LEARN ALL THEY EVER KNEW.



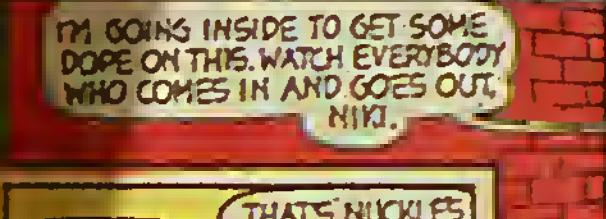
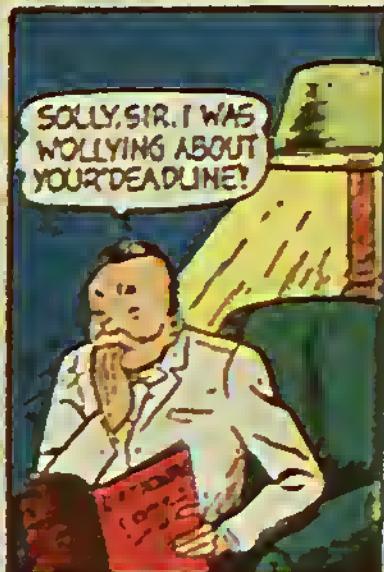
GOLLOW THE NEXT AMAZING ADVENTURE OF CYCLONE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

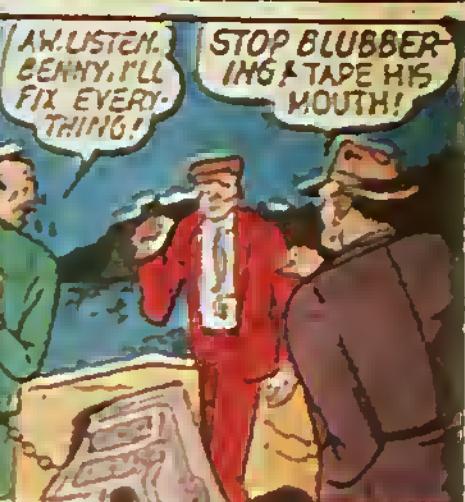
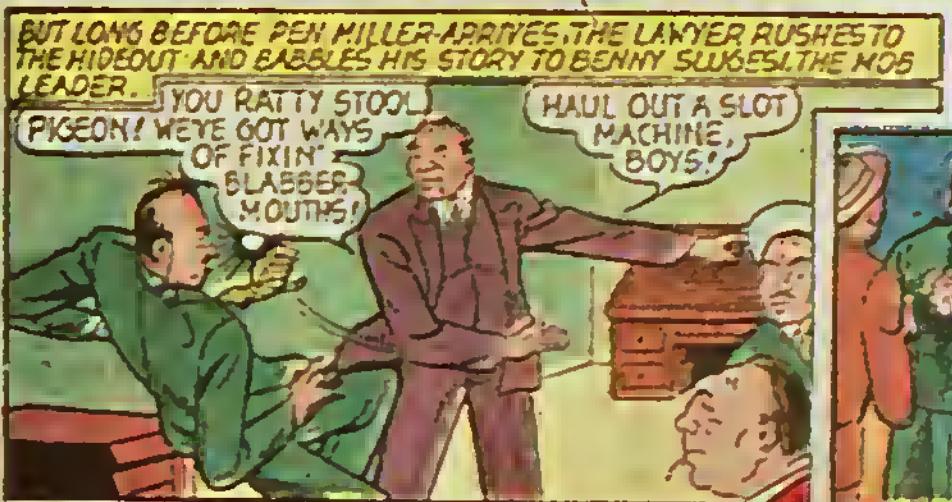
PEN MILLER

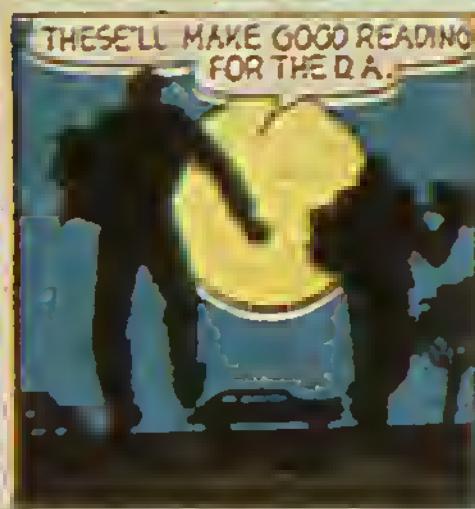
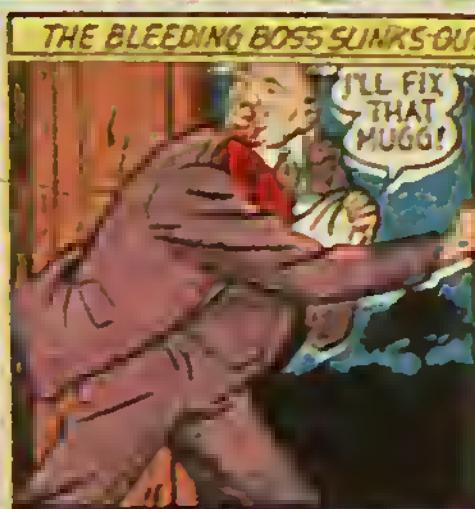
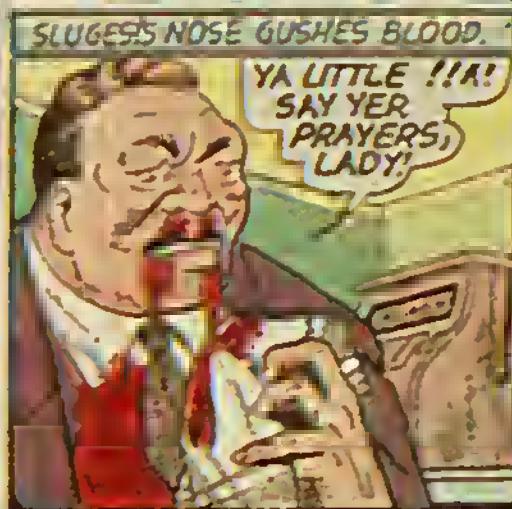
THOUGH PEN MILLER ENJOYS CONSIDERABLE FAME AS A COMIC BOOK ARTIST, IT IS IN THE RANKS OF THE UNDERWORLD THAT HIS NAME COMMANDS FEAR AND RESPECT... HIS CARTOONS ARE UNCOMFORTABLY WELL INFORMED, SO FAR AS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES ARE CONCERNED...

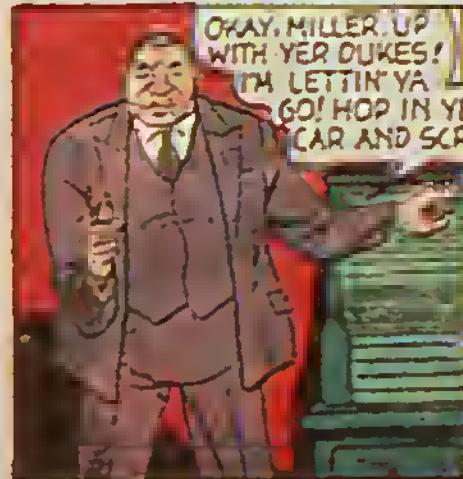
By KLAUS

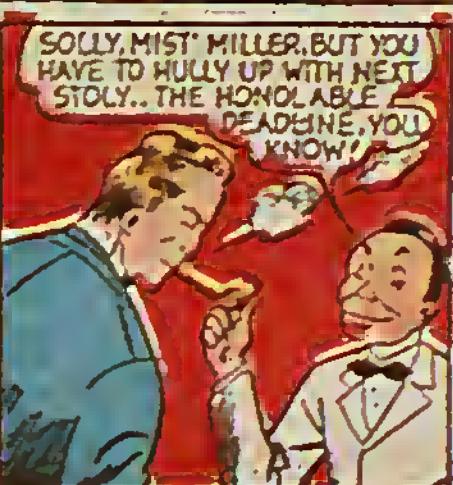
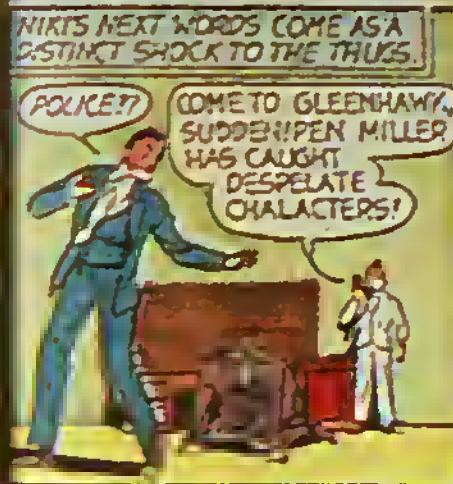
PEN ENTERS HIS STUDIO.



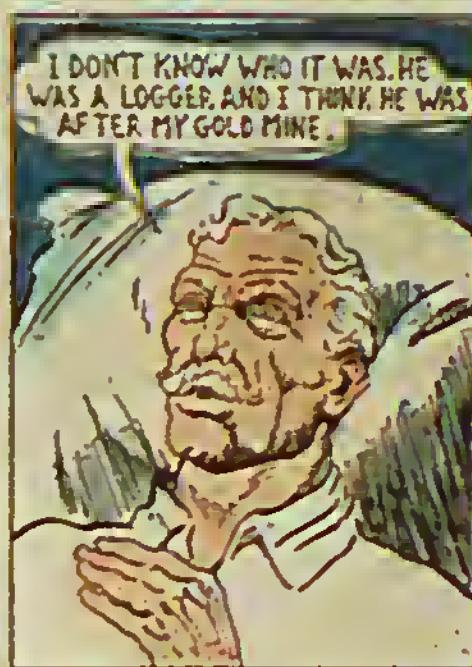




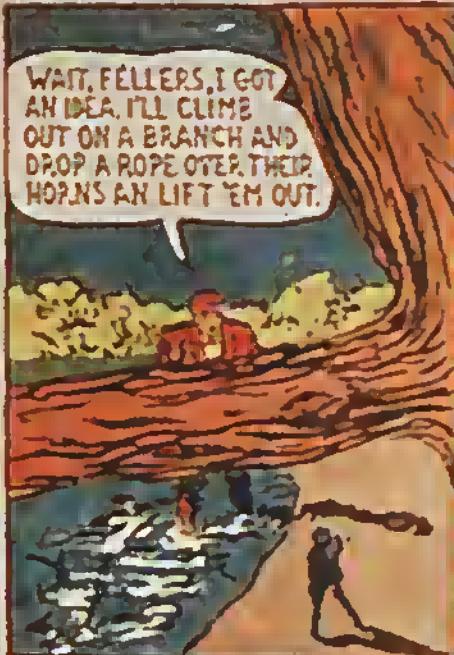
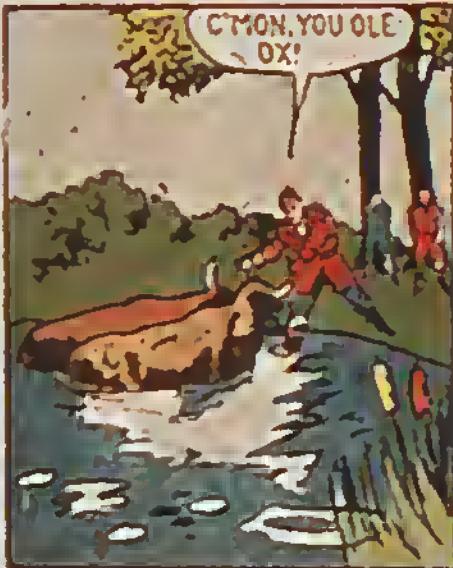








PAUL GOES DOWN TO THE SWAMPS
AND HELPS TO PULL THE OX TEAM OUT.



LOOPING THE ROPE ABOUT THEIR HORNS HE PROCEEDS TO PULL THEM OUT.



THEN, HANGING BY HIS FEET, SWINGS THEM IN A LONG ARC ONTO SOLID GROUND.



PAUL THEN TROTS BACK TO CAMP TO VISIT THE OLD MAN.



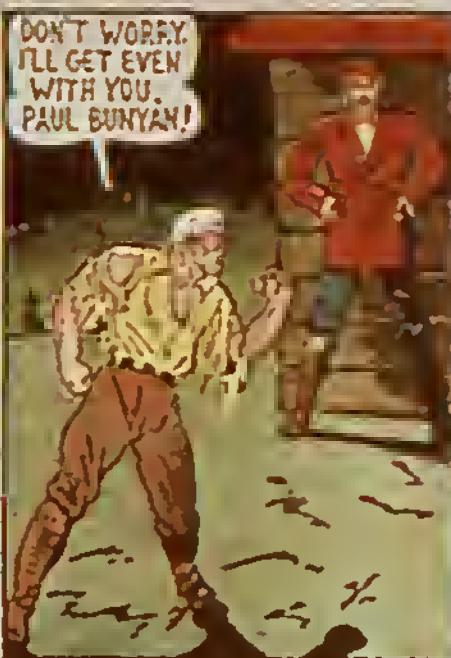


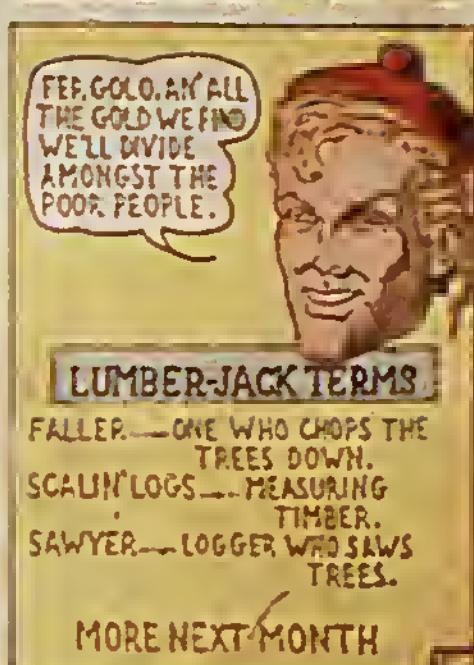
COMING TO THE CAMP THAT
NIGHT, PAUL HEARS A LOUD RUMPSUS.

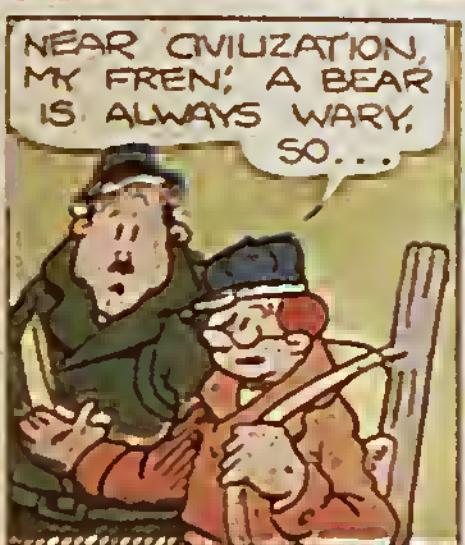


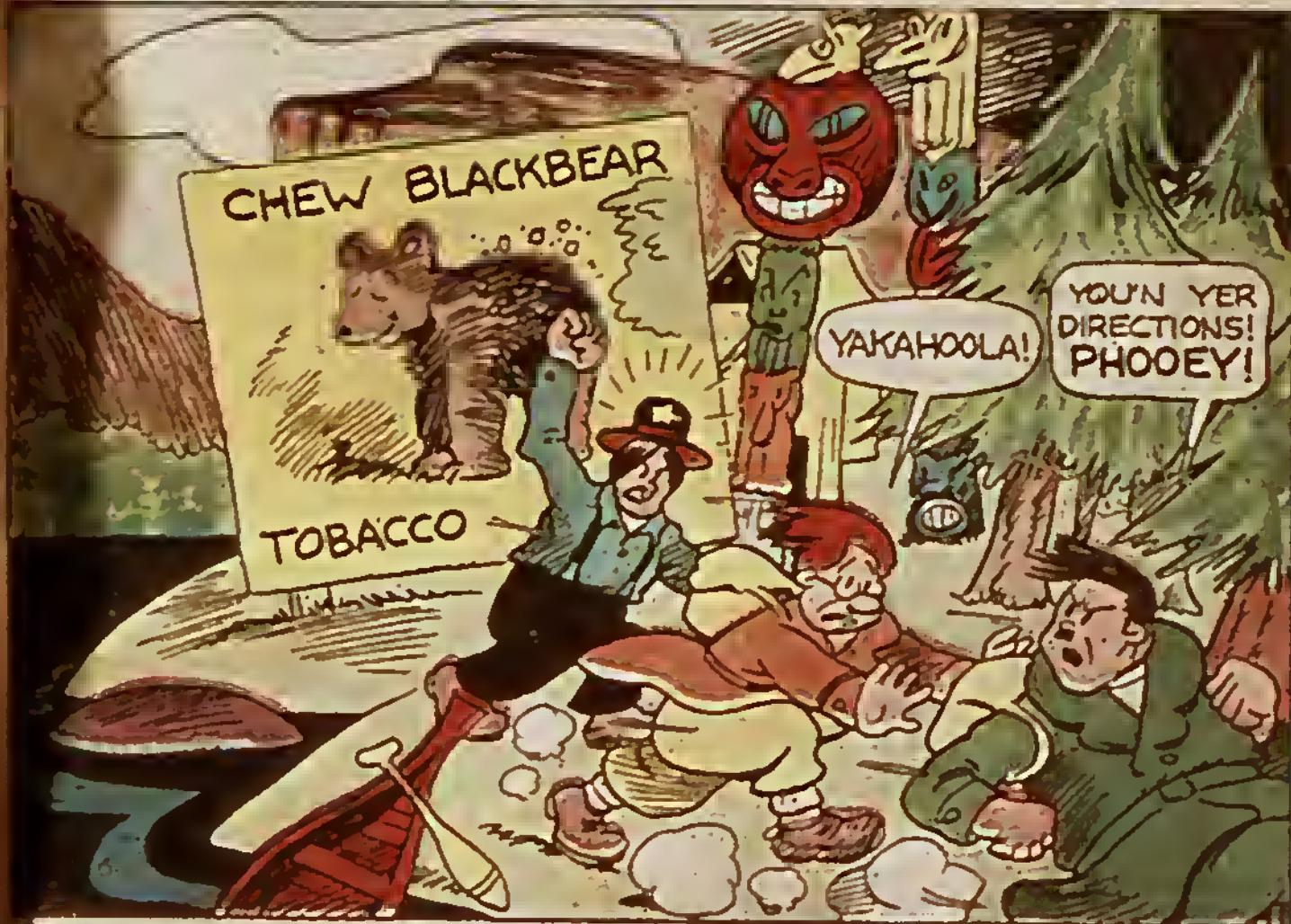
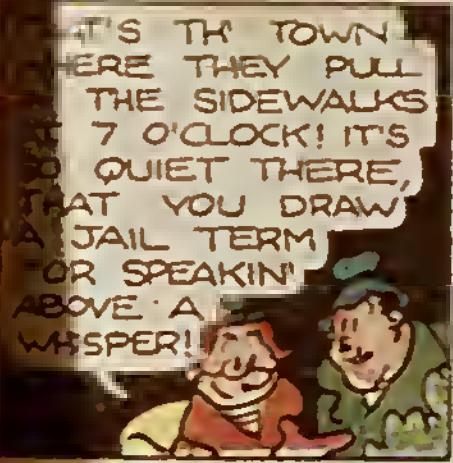
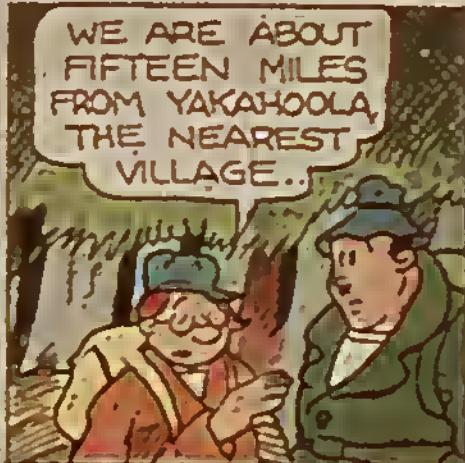
PAUL CRASHES IN THE DOOR AND
SEES OLSEN BEATING THE OLD MAN.

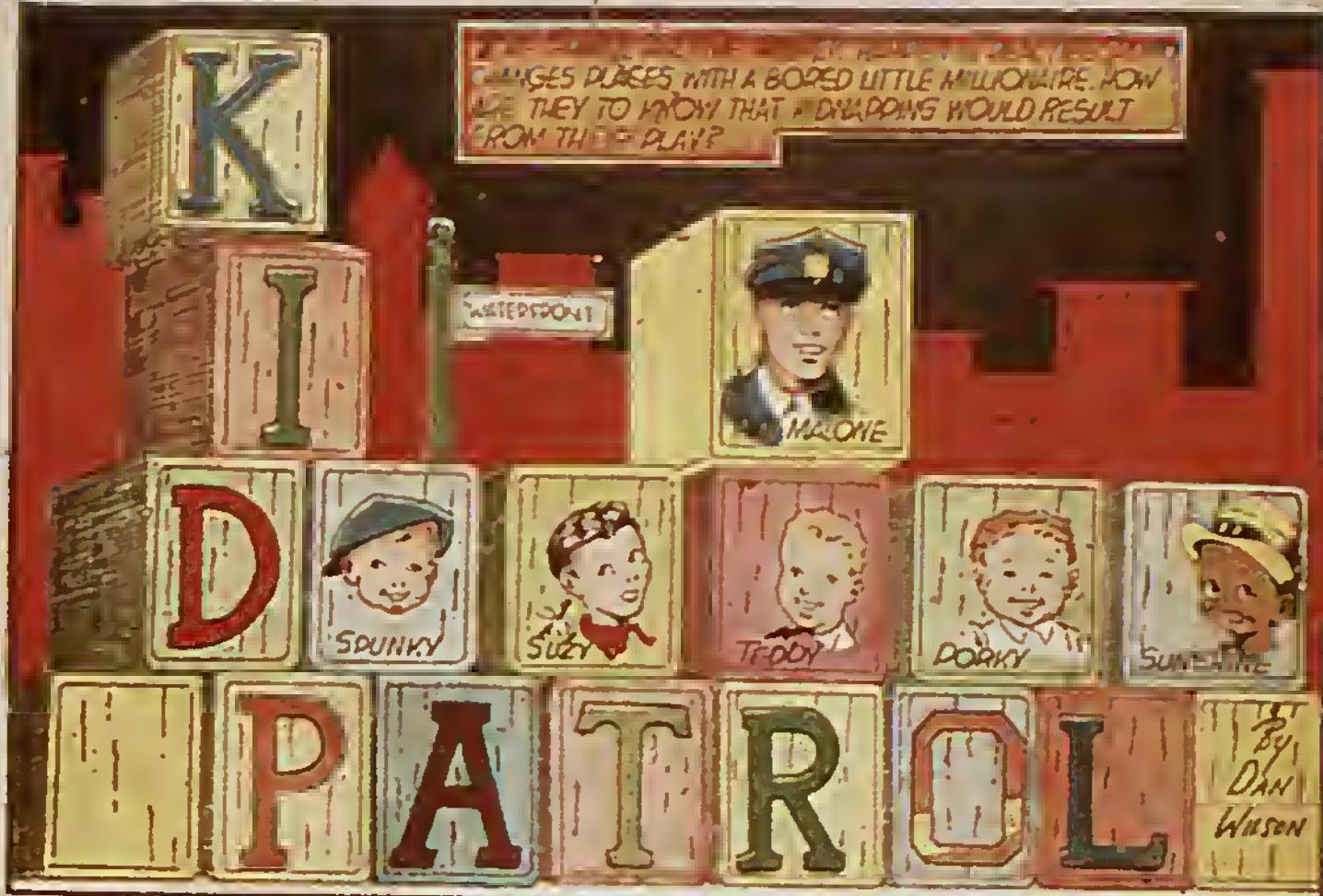


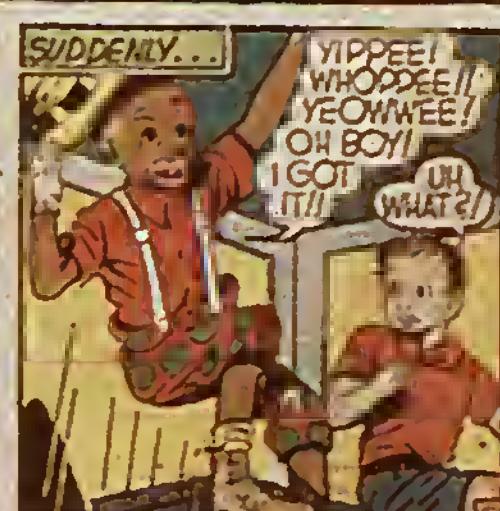


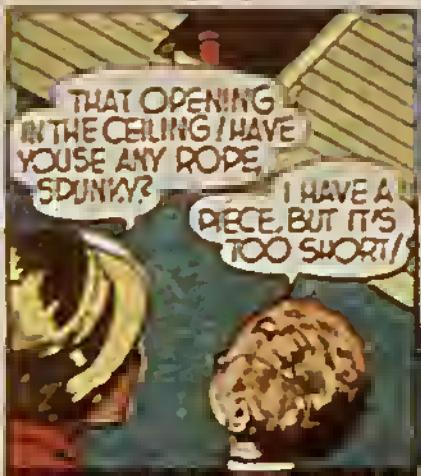


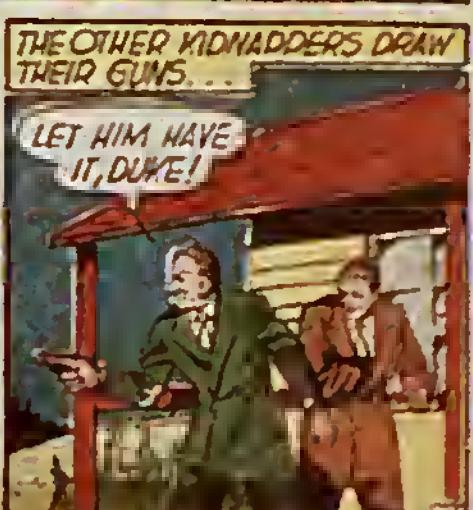
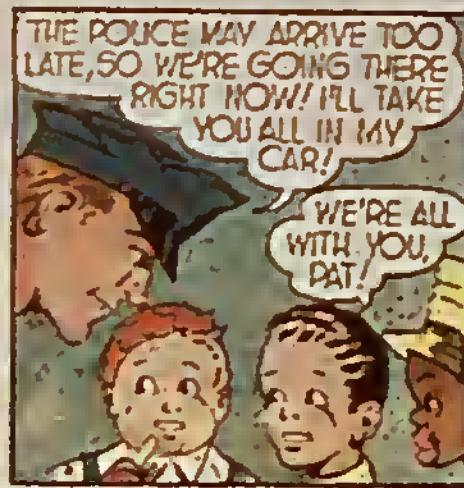
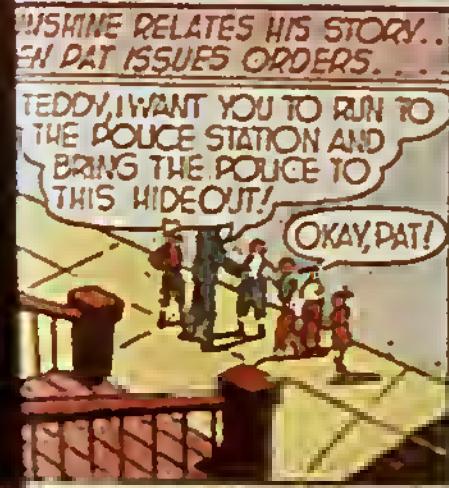


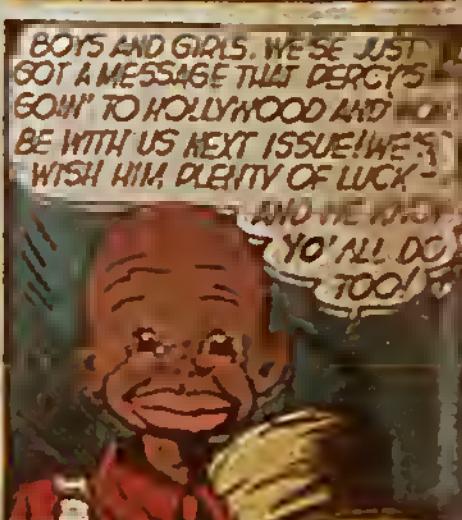
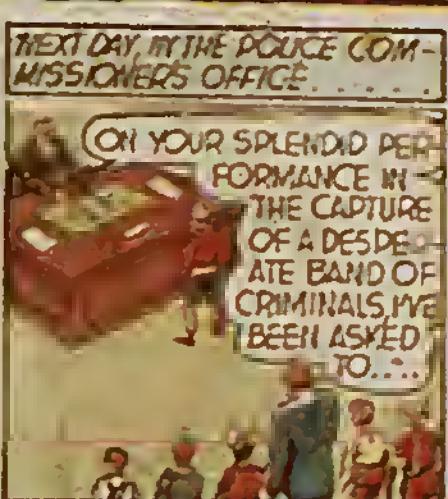












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